



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1561 of the famous Francis Bacon whose essays have made his name one of the foremost in English literature. He was one of the most learned men of the golden age of English letters, and his style is still regarded as a model for clearness, logic

THE HEARTBREAKER By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Milly Has a Tiff With Her Sister, Who Leaves the Field to Her When Arthur Bruce Comes to Call in the Evening.

CHAPTER XXXV.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.) NF of the peculiarities of a selfish person is that when she has made a loved one acutely uncomfortable she is willing, even eager, to be on friendly terms. And she feels that tender words and blandishments should eradicate all memory of harsh and unkind speches.

Therefore, when Honora Bren: burst into tears after telling her sister what she was determined to know, Mildred felt that she could afford to be magnanimous.

"Why, you poor dear!" she ex-'claimed, springing from the bed and switching on the electric light. "I did not mean to make you unhappy! Are you so wretched at the thought that I am going to get en-

"Why should that make me unhappy?" Honora demanded, drying

"Because it will lead to our parting later," Mildred explained, surprised that her sister had not considered this eventuality. even so, we will see a good deal of each other after I am married."

"I had not looked forward as far as that," Honora remarked dryly.
"It seems a bit like counting chickons before they are hatched, Milly. You certainly are anticipating rather fast, aren't you?"

"Then, what made you cry?" Mildred insisted. "I was tired, and you were so utterly unreasonable and jealous that I lost my temper!" Honora retorted. "Since you must have the truth, there it is!"

Not an Idea, a Fact. "I jealous!" Mildred scoffed.

"What a ridiculous idea!" "It is not only an idea, it is a fact," Honora rejoined. "You are not jealous now, because I have told you once more how Arthur feels about you. But you were jealous this morning when I got a letter from him, and again a while ago when you learned I had gone walking with him. It was not until I informed you just why he wrote to me, and just what he wanted to talk to me about, that you condescended to be civil to me.

"Why, Honora!" Mildred ex-"How cross you are!" "Yes, I am," the other acknowl-"And I have cause to be. You do as you please, and tell me only what you want to tell me. there is a row."
"I did not row-only I was hurt,

because I had thought that Arthur was more fond of me than of youand then all at once he behaved as "You did not trust him enough to believe in him when he wrote

your sister an innocent note!" Honora accused, "Oh, Milly-that is a poor way to begin life with a man you are supposed to love."

.Mildred laughed. "Oh, well, you see I don't really love him yet, but I like him better than any other man. And he likes me so much

that I guess I'll learn to care for Then, if you do not love him, I do not see why you should be jealous of him,'

"Perhaps I'm a naughty little doggie in the manger," Mildred laughed again. "Anyway, since Arthur's coming tonight, I'll dress up and look nice for him. Which she proceeded to do, hum-

ming a little tune to herself all the while. Honora changed her own gown and went down to dinner with the dreary certainty that she would spend a lonely evening. All signs of Mildred's annoyance

were gone, and she chatted persistently all through the evening meal. The girls were just sipping their coffee when there was the sound of wheels outside, and a moment later steps were heard on the front

A Warm Welcome. "I declare if here ain't Mrs. Hig-

gins!" Katie exclaimed, running to open the front door. Honora greeted the new arrival

enthusiastically. "Oh, I'm so glad you are here!" she said, kissing the matron on both cheeks. "I have missed you ever so much. But what decided you to return so "I got homesick," Mrs. Higgins

confessed. "So I hurried up all my affairs and caught the 6 o'clock train to Fairlands. "That's the train Honora and I took yesterday," Mildred com-

"It's awfully slow, isn't "Yes," Mrs. Higgins agreed. "But

Honora regarded her sister mu-

singly. Was it possible, she wondered, that Mildred was already indifferent to the recollection of the vulgar love-making she had witnessed on that train twenty-four hours ago? Yet the child had seemed quite overcome by the sight-and now she was as lighthearted as if it had never happened.

"You're looking very sweet and pretty all dressed up, Milly," Mrs. Higgins was saying. "But, Honora, my dear, you are paler than usual. Don't you feel well?" "I have a little headache," Hon-

ora evaded. "I had one before dinner, and Honora hadn't. Now I've lost mine. and she must have picked it up," Mildred declared merrily. Her manner was gay, as if dis-

appointments and trouble were unknown to her. "Come in and let Katie get something ready for you to eat, dear Mrs. Higgins." Honora urged.

"I had supper before I left Hartford," the matron said. "But I would like a cup of coffee. I think will take it up in my room, where I can rest, for I am tired. What are you two going to do this evening?" "I am going to sit upstairs in your room and have a good talk with you," Honora answered. "Milly has an engagement. Arthur Bruce is coming to see her."

"That's nice," Mrs. Higgins smiled. "I'm glad." She did not say why she was glad. It might have been because Milly was to have a call from "that nice young man." Or it may have been because she was to have her favorite charge to herself for a whole

To Be Continued.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am nineteen and deeply in love with a girl of the same age, who I think loves me. For us to become engaged would it be necessary to ask her parents' consent? Shall I ask her before I ask them, or after? Would it be proper for either of us to go to parties without the other? parties without the other?

I am sure you will agree with me that these aren't matters that can be arranged entirely according to rule. In the conventional code, in novels and on the stage, the love before the daughter has an intimation of it. But I suspect it does not often happen that way among impulsive young people. ()! course, a girl of nineteen does not consider herself formally engaged without her parents' sanction. It is quite admissible for you to go out separately after you are en-

DEAR MSS FAIRFAX: I have two soldier friends, one whom I have gone out with and like very much, the other whom I have just cared for as afriend. The second one I have not seen for a long time, but have corresponded with. My mother says that I should stick to this one, as he is the better of the two, just because he is religious. The first one is jolly and outspoken, but a little rough, and my mother does not care for him. Can you help me? M. W. I certainly cannot advise you to

become engaged to the soldier you do not love, however worthy he may be. On the other hand, roughness isn't a recommendation. But perhaps you mean only that this young man has an unconventional manner, that he of the "rough diamond" type. In that case, I should think you might persuade your mother to become reconciled to him, and follow the inclinations of your own heart.

Some Avenue! A wife was entertaining her

friends with an account of her only matrimonial quarrel. "After making it up with one another." she said, "my husband planted a tree in remembrance of it." "If you had only done that," said 'what a splendid avenue we might have had now!"

Smart Georgette Waist

This attractive creation is made of ecru gorgette with heavy filet on collar, sleeve and panel front. One of the latest models and unique for simplicity as well as good taste.



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For Southern Wear

By Rita Stuyvesant.

HIS is the season when Southern resorts are being filled with weary war workers who have faithfully done their bit and now are earning a just vacation. The woman with a limited income or at strenuous business will often find a short rest a real benefit, for she can renew her lost

To make the most of a Southern trip, one should have suitable clothes, because the fur-trimmed suit worn in New York will not do where the violets and poinsettias are now blooming.

Pretty frocks for daytime wear need not be expensive, and we have the war to thank that Americans are learning the art of dressing economically. In fact, many ingenious women are fashioning the simpler dresses at home. The "gingham gown" still prom-

ises to hold its own for another season, but this time we see it in fashionable checked silk. A fetching frock that could easily be copied was of corn color and white check silk gingham trimmed with folds of grass green satin arranged in the newest "lattice work." The skirt was cut rather brief

about the ankles, and the instep

length showed to what depth our

skirts are descending. To conserve material, the section above the knees was made of white muslin. Over this foundation skirt a long but perky tunic of the silk fell, bordered with the "lattice work." Green satin bands about a half inch wide were arranged in five rowe, crossed by five other bands to simulate the lattice work effect. Very demure was the bodice of this quaint frock that reflected fashion's latest edicts. round neck was collared with a bit, of green satin. Especially designed for warm days were the loose bell sleeves falling midway below the elbow and finished with a double row of the lattice work. The trimming was repeated on the front of the blouse, and as an added attraction there was a soft sash of the silk tied in a dainty bow at the back. Worn with a large black hat, what could be more charming than this unusual costume?

There are any number of striking color schemes that one could choose to develop this model. For instance, the girl with the blonde hair can use her own coloring for a becoming frock. Blue and white check silk gingham trimmed with lattice work of pale yellow satin makes a distinctive dress for all hours of the day at Southern resorts.

The Busy Beaver. The beaver will grind up almost

any kind of wood that comes his way. A white birch tree, twentytwo inches through, has been cut | suited.

down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver wil bring down a fairsized sapling, say, three inches through, in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour.

As compared with the otter or mink, the beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his side, and he uses only is webbed himd feet for purposes of swimming. It is easy to capture one in a canoe if you can find him in shallow water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and casy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would aimost take a leg off, so you need to watch him sharply. The way to seize him is by the tail.

The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so strange a problem as it looks. When a lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel breath, so that it forms a wide flat bubble. The air coming in contact with the ice and water is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

A Mountain of Silver.

Cerro de Potosi, the great conical mountain that is responsible for the existence of the city of Potosi, Eolivia is practically a solid mass of silver and tin ore, ranging in richness from a point where it is valueless to ore giving 50 and 60 per cent of silver and tin. The mines have been worked for 350 years. Water power for the mines is obtained from numerous reservoirs built at various times between 1545 and the close of the seventeenth century. So thoroughly were they built by the early Spanish engineers that they have never broken.

A Knotty Problem. Here is a queer cause for a law

action. A man who was insane determined to throw himself out of the window of an asylum. He mada several attempts and was prevented by the servants. Put in a new apartment, he tried again, jumped out of the window, fell on the lawn and injured himself seriously, but, strange to say, the shock cured his mental disorder. At once he sued the officers of the asylum for negligence. The plaintiff was noa-

Searched His Clothing For Lost Papers. in English. "Say, I'm mighty glad to see you Well, Okewood, dear old boy, here we are again. What? Herr Julius Zimmermann

The Man With the Club-Foot

Desmond Tells How Clubfoot's Men Stripped Him and

I could have killed him where be stood, maimed though he was, for English idiom alone.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)
Desmond Okewood, British army efficer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier town a man named Semilin, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semilia's papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and is canducted into the presence of General Von Boden, an aide of the Kaiser.

Desmond, having convinced Von Boden he is really Semilin, is usbered into the residence of the Kaiser.

Lafer he receives a cipher message from his brother, Prancis
Desmond meets Clubfoot, who explains what he wants of Semilin.

Desmond encounters Monica, who hides from Clubfoot's men. She explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her.

explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her.

The amateur spy is forced to flee from his hiding place and is adrift in Berlin. He goes to a secret agent who disguises him and gets him a job as waiter. The place is raided by Clubfoot and agents, but Desmond escapes by a ruse. He flees to Dusseldorf where he finds his brother. They hike to Monica's castle near Cleves, where Desfond falls into Clubfoot's clutches.

CHAPTER XVIII. I Go On With the Story.

was in the billiard-room of the castle, a dusty place, obviously little used, for it smelt of damp. A fire was burning in the grate, however, and on a table in the corner, which was littered with papers, stood a dispatch box.

Clubfoot wore a dinner-coat and, as he laughed, his white expanse of shirt front heaved to the shaking of his deep chest. For a moment, however, I had little thought of him or the ugly-looking Browning he held in his fist. My ears were strained for any sound that might betray Francis' presence in the garden. But all remained silent as the grave.

Clubfoot, still chuckling audibly, walked over to me. I thought he was going to shoot me, he came so straight and so fast, but it was only to get behind me and shot the door, driving me, as he did so, farther into the room. The door by which he had enter-

ed stood open. Without taking his eyes off me or deflecting his weapon from its aim, he called out: "Schmalz" A light step resounded, and the one-armed licutenant tripped into the room. When he saw me he stopped dead. Then he softly began to

circle round me with a mincing

step, murmuring to himself: "So "Good evening, Dr. Semlin" he said

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

OU remember in the last story how the Good Gray Horse woke up Puss Junior just as the wicked wolf was sneaking through the trees. Well, as soon as Puss had drawn his sword he said to his former steed, "Ah, you have done me a good turn, my four-footed friend. I see the wolf yonder, but he dares not come near for fear I will thrust my sword through him!"

This was the case, for the wolf kept at a distance and made no move to come nearer them. "Well. my dear little master," cried the Good Gray Horse, "If you will get upon my back I will carry you wherever you wish to go."

So Puss Junior jumped on his back and rode off, but the wicked wolf did not follow, for he was afraid. After some distance the Good Gray Horse halted before a stately castle. Whereupon Puss Junior knocked loudly on the postern gate with the hilt of his sword and presently a retainer appeared and inquired what they wished. "My good man." said Puss Junior,

we are travellers, my Good Gray Horse and I, and as the day is far spent and the night is at hand, we seck a night's lodging." "Come in and welcome," said the retainer, "for my master never

turns away a traveller, although thus far we have never been honored by a cat in boots!" Then he swung wide the great gates and Puss Junior, on his Good Gray Horse, rode proudly in with his trusty sword grasped in his right

Then several men in waiting came forward and led his steed to the royal stables. while others escorted Puss into the castle. Then, of a sudden, several voices began singing this song: Old King Coal

Is a merry old soul And a merry old soul is he; He burns in the grate From early till late. And crakles away merrily He weighs quite a ton.

You can poke him in fun And he'll laugh and burn brightly But, my! how he'll pout

If you let him go out-

What a chilly old Cinder he'll be! And just as the song ended in came King Coal and King Cinder and bowed to Puss Junior. They were brothers, you know, but as different as could be. King Coal was fat and jolly, but King Cinder was gray and thin and never smiled. Oh never, not even a snicker when the Court Jester made a joke or told a funny story. He was always so put out at every-

"Welcome, Sir Cat," cried King Coal, "come amuse us with a tale of your travels." So Puss Junior sat down and began telling a story which you shall hear tomorrow for I have no more room to tell it to you now. Copyright, 1919, David Cory.

A Straight Tip

"I have something I have to ask you - er - something - er-veryclose to my heart, and-er-er-"I think I can guess what it is!" "Ah, you have devined! You know — Fou—er—" "Yes, you want to ask me where I put you, hat when you came in.

and he broke into German, "es freut

his fluency in the American and "Search him, Schmalz!" command-

ed Clubfoot curtly. Schmalz ran the fingers of his one arm over my pockets, flinging my portfolio on the billiard table toward Clubfoot, and the other ar-

ticles as they came to light . . . my pistol, watch, cigarette case and so forth • • onto a leather lounge against the wall. In his search he brushed me with his severed stump . . ugh, it was Clubfoot had snatched up the

portfolio and hastily examined it. He shook the contents out on the billiard table and examined them carefully.

"Not there!" he said. "Run him upstairs, and we'll strip him," he ordered, "and let not our clever young friend forget that I'm behind

him with my little toy!' Schmalz gripped me by the collar, spitefully digging his knuckles into my neck, and propelled me out of

the arms of Monica. She screamed, and, turning, fled away down the passage. Clubfoot laughed noisily, but I reflected mournfully that in my present sorry plight, unwashed and unshaven, infilthy clothes, haled along like a common pickpocket, even my own mother would not have recognized

There was a degrading scene in the bedroom to which they dragged me, where the two men stripped me to the skin and pawed over every single article of clothing I possessed. Physically and mentally I cowered in my nudity before the unwholesome gaze of these two sinister cripples. Of all my experiences in Germany, I still look back upon that as almost my worst ordeal.

Of course, they found nothing, search as they might, and presently they flung my clothes back at me and bade me get dressed again, "for you and I, young man," said Clubfoot, with his glinting smile, "have got to have a little talk!"

When I was once more clothed-"You can leave us, Schmalz!" commanded Clubfoot, "and send up the sergeant when I ring; he shall look after this tricky Englishman whilst we are at dinner with our charming hostess."

Schmalz went out and left us alone.' Clubfoot lighted a cigar. He smoked in silence for a few minutes. I said nothing, for really there was nothing for me to say. They hadn't got their precious document, and it was not likely they would ever recover it now. I feared greatly that Francis in his loyalty might make an attempt to rescue me, but I hope, whatever he did, he would think first of putting the document in a place of safety. I was more or less resigned to my fate. I was in their hands properly now, and whether they got the document or not, my doom was sealed.

"I will pay you the compliment of saying, my dear Captain Okewood." Clubfoot remarked in that urbane voice of his which always made my blood run cold, "that never before in my career have I devoted so much thought to any single individual, in the different cases I have handled, as I have to you. As an individual, you are a paltry thing; it is rather your remarkable good fortune that interests me as a philosopher of sorts
• • • I assure you it will cause me serious concern to be the instrument of severing your really exraordinary strain of good luck. I don't mind telling you, as man to man, that I have not yet entirely decided in my mind what to do with you now that I've got you!"

"You've got me, certainly," I replied, "but you would vastly prefer to have what I have not got. "Let us not forget to be always content with small mercies," answered the other, smiling with a gleam of his golden teeth . . "that is a favorite maxim of mine. As you truly remark, I would certainly prefer the * * the jewel to the infinitely less precious and . . interesting . . casket. But what have, I hold. And I have you . and your accomplice as well." "I have no accomplice," I denied

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Surely you forget our gracious hostess, our most charming countess? Was it not thanks to the interest she deigned to taken in your safety that I came here? Had it not been for that circumstance, I should scarcely have ventured to intrude upon her widowhood • • ** "Her widowhood?" I exclaimed.

Clubfoot smiled again. "You cannot have followed the

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

For cleaning old jewelry make a lather of warm soapsuds and add to it half a teaspoonful of sal volatile, and brush the jewelry in this, afterward polishing with an old silk handkerchief or piece of wash leather. To clean black cloth and yet pre-

serve or restore the color, sponge with logwood and ammonia. Infuse the logwood chips in a jar of boiling water placed in a pan, strain, and use cold, adding a teaspoonful of ammonia to half a pint of log-

Instead of finely chopping suct intended for a boiled or steamed pudding, try the plan of first shredding it in large thin flakes, afterward mixing the same with the flour. finally rolling lightly with the rolling pin before adding any moisture.

plied, "or surely you would have read the afflicting intelligence that Count Rachwitz, A. D. C. to Field Marshal von Mackensen, was killed by a shell that fell into the briggs headquarters where he was lunch

ing at Predeal. Ah, yes," he sighed, "our beautiful Countess is now a widow, alone " " he paused, then added, " and unprotected!" I understood his allusion and went cold with fear. Why, Monios was involved in this affair as me as I. Surely they wouldn't dare to touch her.

Clubfoot leaned forward and tapped me on the knee. You will be sensible, Okewood he said confidentially. "You've lost. You can't save yourself. Your life was forfeit from the moment you crossed the threshold of his

Majesty's private apartments but you can save her.' I shook his huge hand off my leg. "You won't bluff me," I answered roughly. "You darn't touch the Countess Rachwitz, an Americas lady, niece of an American ambas dor, married into one of your lead-ing families . No, Herr, Koktor, you must try something

else." "Do you know why Schmals is here?" he asked patiently, "and those soldiers? " " You must have passed through the cordon to come here. Your little friend is in gaol (she doesn't know it), but that His Majesty was unwilling to put

this affront on the Rachwitz family

"The Countess Rachwitz has nothing whatever to do with me," · · rather a foolish lie, thought to myself too late, as I was in her house. But Clubfoot remained quite un

in their great affliction."

perturbed "I shall take you into my cor dence, my dear sir," he said, "to show that I know you to be stating an untruth. The Countess, on the contrary, is, to use a vulgar phrase. in it up to the neck. Thanks to the amazing imbecility of the Ber-lin police, I was not informed of your brief stay at the Bendler-Strasse, even after they were called in by the invalid American gentle man in the matter of your hasty flight when asked to have your passport put in order. But we are systematic, We Germans; we are painstaking; and I set about going through every possible place that might afford you shelter,

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.) (Copyright, 1918, Public Ledger Co.)

BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk.

HIS New Year in which we are jest getting the twelfth done sed Ms to Ps est nite, shud ought to be a grate yeaf for all of us.

It will, sed Pa, I have sum grate plans, any one of wich plans wod maik a milymair out of me if I got bizzy, sed Pa, so I think I am gwing to git bizzy. We will have a swell home at Tuxedo in the Summer sed Pa, & in the Winter we will Winter in Floridy.

I always that I wud rather Winter in Californy, sed Ma. I was almost sure that you wud

not entertain the saim noshuns that I enter-tane, sed Pa. Twas evver thus in Childhood's day, the gurls all thought the other way, sed Pa. Well, sed Ma, if you like Floridy better we will go to Floridy. We may not go anyware, sed Pa you & I used to think the Winter

was nice around the old hoam.

Parding me for talking you tee scerius, sed Ma. I thot wen you was talking, sed Ma, that maybe you reely had done sumthing blg have always dreemed, sed Ma, that you wud do sumthing big beefoar you caim to the end of the Trale, sed Ma.

Deer littel Dreaemer, sed Pa, how noabel of you to have that there faith in me, sed Pa. I shall show you, sed Pa, that I can step out & grab the Mazumy in hunks, sed Pa.

Hevings above, sed Ma, what

rude langwidge yo are im-ploying, sed Ma. What do you supposs grate men & thare wifes wud think. sed Ma, if you shud cum into there midst & say you have grabbed the mazumy in hunks. If thay was reely grate, sed Pa.

they wud be glad to her of my success, Pa sed. If a gent is there with the spondulicks, sed Pa, the peeppul dount cair much about his line of talk. Deer husband, sed Ma, I am

sorry for to tell you that you are wrong, Ma sed. Munny isent everything, sed Ma. Sum of the richest peepul I know are the moast unhappy. There is no site so unhappy, sed Ma, as the site of a old cappel suddenly grown rich & trying to maik new, swell friends insted of the frends thay always had I wud be at hoam in any gathering, sed I'a. If I git rich & we go trailing with the so called High Flyers, sed Pa, I will show by my lordly baring, sed Pa, that I am perfeckly at hoam. A old timer like me, sed Pa, wich has met every form of high roller, is nevver at a loss excep wen sumbody says Lets go Hoam, sed Pa.

Well, sed Ma, anyway, I certingly do hoap that all yure dreems will cum true. Thare is sumthing big & gennerus about yure dreems, sed You doant want everything for ydreself, you want everybody to git in. That Quality of yures, sed Ma, covers a lot of Shortcummings, Ma sed.

"That is a kind of left handed boost, sed Pa, maybe I wont taik you to Floridy with me if you talk like that, maybe Bobbie & me will go alone, sed Pa. Git the greenbacks first, sed Ma.

&then we will talk about Florida.

Tomboy Taylor Thought It a Great Waste of Time To Go All the Way Home To Dry Out Her Clothes. By FONTAINE FOX. MA! I ONLY GOT WET UP T' MY KNEES

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